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The Soldier's Companion. 1865

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**THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
CLASS OF 1882
OF NEW YORK**

1918

SOLDIER'S COMPANION,

DEDICATED TO THE

Defenders of their Country in the Field,

BY THEIR FRIENDS AT HOME.

Sixty-sixth Thousand.

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[J. WILSON, BOSTON.]

HYMNS.

Pray without ceasing.

Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night,
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Put earthly thoughts away,
And, in God's presence kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be:
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And blend with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray;
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way,—
E'en then, the silent breathing
Thy spirit lifts above
Will reach His throne of glory,
Where dwells eternal love.

Oh! not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,—
The grace our Father gives us
To pour our souls in prayer.
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
On Him who saveth call:
Remember, in thy gladness,
His love who gave thee all.

Blessed are they that mourn.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

Oh! deem not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
The God, who loves our race, has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears.

And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide, an evening guest;
But joy shall come with early light.

For God hath marked each sorrowing
day,
And numbered every secret tear;
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

Thy Will be done.

BY BOWRING.

THY will be done! In devious way
The hurrying stream of life may run;
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say,
Thy will be done!

Thy will be done! If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a prosperous sun,
This prayer shall make it more divine,
Thy will be done!

Thy will be done! Tho' shrouded o'er
Our path with gloom, our comfort, our
Is ours,—to breathe, while we are here,
Thy will be done!

Living to God.

MOEAVIAN.

Oh! draw me, Father, after thee;
So shall I run, and never tire;
With gracious words still comfort me;
Be thou my hope, my sole desire:
Free me from every weight; nor fear
Nor sin can come, if thou art near.

In suffering, be thy love my peace;
In weakness, be thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
My God! in that important hour,
In death as life be thou my guide,
And bear me through death's whelming
tide.

THE
SOLDIER'S COMPANION,

DEDICATED

TO THE

DEFENDERS OF THEIR COUNTRY IN THE FIELD,

By their Friends at Home.

THE Compilers of the following pages have endeavored to furnish a "Companion" to our "brothers in arms," which will both solace and inspire them with its Songs and Hymns, and instruct and guide them by its Scripture Selections. We have made it brief, that it may be easily carried in the field. If these social Songs shall make the camp-fire more cheerful, and the solitary watch less lonely; if these Hymns shall inspire the heart with gratitude and trust; if these words of Scripture shall give strength to resist temptation, and encourage to growth in goodness,— we shall be richly compensated for our labor.

We are indebted to the generosity of the editors of the "Army Melodies" for the use of their plates in printing the tunes, and many of the Songs and Hymns, in these pages. We have also made a very few slight alterations in some of the Hymns and Songs, to adapt them more entirely to our purpose: for this, we hope the authors will pardon us for the sake of the cause.

THE COMPILERS.

THE

SOLDIER'S COMPANION.

AMERICA. 6s & 4s.

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my

fathers died; Land of the pilgrim's pride; From every mountain side Let freedom ring.

National Hymn.

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;

Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break—
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

Prayer for our Country.

God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night!
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might.

For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies:
On him we wait.
Thou who hast heard each sigh,
Watching each weeping eye,
Be thou for ever nigh:
God save the State!

Temperance Hymn.

BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

Let the still air rejoice,
Let every manful voice
Blended in one,
While we renew our strain
To Him with joy again,
Who sends the evening rain
And morning sun.

His hand in beauty gives
Each flower and plant that lives,
Each sunny rill;
Springs which our footsteps meet,
Fountains our lips to greet,
Waters whose taste is sweet,
On rock and hill.

Each summer bird that sings
Drinks from dear Nature's springs
Her early dew;
And the refreshing shower
Falls on each herb and flower,
Giving it life and power,
Fragrant and new.

Now let each heart and hand
Of all this warrior-band
United move,
Till on the mountain's brow,
And in the vale below,
Our land may ever glow
With peace and love.

The Benediction.

Up! 'tis our Country's cause;
Who, to uphold her laws,
Beckons each son.
Loyal in Treason's spite,
Firm to maintain the Right,
Thus must be fought the fight,
The victory won.

On! and may God above,
Ruling the earth with love,
Be now our stay,
Save us from every sin,
Send us his peace within,
E'en through the battle's din
And the wild fray.

Stand where our fathers stood,
Mingle with theirs our blood,—
Freedom's red wine.
Calm be our sleep, and sweet,
When, for our winding-sheet,
The flag to-day we greet
Round us shall twine.

Flag of our native land,
Untorn by Treason's hand,
Thy stripes shall wave;
Undimmed thy stars shall shine,
While Faith and Love combine,
And at thy holy shrine
Offer the brave.

The Soldier's Prayer.

BY ROBERT NICOLL.

LORD, from thy blessed throne,
Soldiers look down upon:
God save the land!
Teach us true liberty;
Make us from tyrants free;
Let our homes happy be:
God save the land!

Give us stanch honesty;
Let our pride manly be:
God save the land!
Help us to hold the Right,
Give us both truth and might,
Lord of all life and light:
God save the land!

4 AROUSE, NEW ENGLAND'S SONS. C. M.

Tenor.

1. Arouse, New England's sons, arouse, Wake from your coward sleep;
Treble.

2. Arouse, New England's sons, arouse, A clinging curse on thee!

The tyrant's hand is on your neck, And shall his fetters keep

If here supine - ly ye will sleep, Dreaming that ye are free.

In bondage, men whom freedom nursed, In her own chosen home?

Arouse, and see how false the name Which ye so fondly claim,

Where patriot's blood was freely poured, In holy martyrdom?

Free are ye! while ye bear about The tyrant's galling chain?

Arouse, New-England's Sons!

(Continued from opposite page.)

Free! while the halls ye rear are burned?
 Free! while your sons are driven
 By Slavery's mobs, because they dare
 To speak for Truth and Heaven?
 Free! while the very homes you've made
 Beside your fathers' graves
 Are pillaged, if ye dare to aid
 The panting, dying slave?

Arouse, New-England's sons, arouse!
 And lay Oppression low;
 And strike for Freedom and for God
 An earnest, manly blow.
 Nail up your banner to the wall:
 In God's name let it wave,
 Until beneath its ample folds
 Shall crouch no wretched slave.

National Hymn.

BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

TUNE, "*America*," page 2.

GOD of this glorious earth,
 Who seest the nations' birth,
 Growth, pride, and fall,
 Let ours thy favor share,
 Be ours thy constant care,
 While with loud song and prayer
 On thee we call.

Let health and heart, O Lord!
 Her manly toil reward;
 Let arts of Peace,
 Of patient labor born,
 Her halls, her fane, adorn;
 And Plenty fill her horn
 With large increase.

When in a righteous cause
 She hears thy call, and draws
 Her sword or bow,
 Lend her thy spear and shield;
 Teach her those arms to wield,
 And from the battle-field
 Conqueror to go.

Should Treason's bloody hand
 Be lifted, and the land
 Quake with alarm,
 Then clothe her in thy might,—
 The strength that robes the Right,—
 And let thy lightning smite
 The traitor's arm.

Temperance Hymn.

WITH banner and with badge we come,
 An army true and strong,
 To fight against the hosts of Rum;
 And this shall be our song:—
 "We love the clear cold-water springs,
 Supplied by gentle showers:
 To feel the strength cold water brings,
 The victory is ours."

"Cold-water Army" is our name:
 Oh! may we faithful be,
 And so in truth and justice claim
 The blessings of the free.
 We love, &c.

Though others love their rum and wine,
 And drink till they are mad,
 To water we will still incline,
 To make us strong and glad.

I pledge to thee this hand of mine
 In faith and friendship strong;
 And, fellow-soldiers, we will join
 The chorus of our song.

Wipe out, O God! the Nation's Sin.

THE land our fathers left to us
 Is foul with hateful sin:
 When shall, O Lord! this sorrow end,
 And hope and joy begin?

What good, though growing might and
 wealth
 Shall stretch from shore to shore,
 If thus the fatal poison-taint
 Be only spread the more?

Wipe out, O God! the nation's sin;
 Then swell the nation's power:
 But build not high our yearning hopes,
 To wither in an hour.

No outward show nor fancied strength
 From thy stern justice saves:
 There is no liberty for them
 Who make their brethren slaves.

1. Man the life-boat ! man the life-boat ! Hearts of love, your succor lend !

This system contains the first three staves of the musical score. The top staff is the vocal line, the middle is the right-hand piano accompaniment, and the bottom is the left-hand piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The music begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The vocal line starts with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note D5, and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in both hands.

See ! the shattered vessel staggers ! Quick ! O quick ! assistance lend !

This system contains the next three staves of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a half note D5, followed by quarter notes C5, B4, and A4, then a half note G4, and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes in both hands.

Now the fragile boat is hanging On the billow's feathery height ;

This system contains the next three staves of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note D5, and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes in both hands.

Now midst fearful depths descending, While we wither at the sight.
Rit.

This system contains the final three staves of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a half note D5, followed by quarter notes C5, B4, and A4, then a half note G4, and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes in both hands. The system ends with a double bar line. The tempo marking 'Rit.' is placed below the vocal line.

Man the Life-Boat.

(Continued from opposite page.)

Courage, courage! she's in safety:
See again her boyant form,
By His gracious hand uplifted
Who controls the raging storm!
With her precious cargo freighted,
Now the life-boat nears the shore;
Parents, brethren, friends, embracing
Those they thought to see no more.

A Banner Choral.

BY S.

As we raise our sacred banner,
Trusting in Jehovah's name,
This shall be our glad hosanna:
"He the right will e'er maintain;
And his firmament of glory,
Shining round our patriot brave,
Shall inspire our song and story.
God is with us: he will save."

Crimsoned with the blood of martyrs
Who have died in Freedom's name,
And baptized in holiest waters
Shed around our patriot slain,
Brighter glories now are beaming
From its heaven-enkindled light,
With its venging symbols gleaming
In the battle for the Right.

Sons of Freedom, hail the banner
Which the Lord to us has given,
While aloud ye sing hosanna
To the praise of highest Heaven;
And, ye daughters, swell the chorus
Echoing through the upper sky:
For the Lord Jehovah's o'er us,
In his glorious majesty.

He will lead our hosts advancing,
Or when marshalled on the plain;
And, when fires of death are glancing,
He will shield us from the flame:
He will guard our sacred banner,
And our strength and song he'll be,
Till we shout our glad hosanna,
Praising him for victory.

LAWRENCE, MASS., JUNE, 1861.

Praise the Lord.

PRAISE the Lord: ye heavens, adorn
him;
Praise him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light.

Praise the Lord; for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed:
Laws, which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

Praise the Lord; for he is glorious:
Never shall his promise fail.
God hath made his saints victorious:
Sin and death shall not prevail.

Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name.

God is Love.

BY SIR JOHN BOWRING.

God is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove:
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens.
God is wisdom, God is love.

Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move:
But his mercy waneth never.
God is wisdom, God is love.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove:
From the gloom his brightness stream
eth.
God is wisdom, God is love.

He with earthly cares intwineth
Hope and comfort from above:
Everywhere his glory shineth.
God is wisdom, God is love.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

From all that dwell be-low the skies, Let the Cre-ator's praise a-rise;

Let the Redeemer's name be sung, Through every land, by eve-ry tongue

The creation invited to praise God.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ; | The great salvation loud proclaim, |
| Eternal truth attends thy word ; | And shout for joy the Saviour's name. |
| Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, | 4 In every land begin the song ; |
| Till suns shall rise and set no more. | To every land the strains belong : |
| 3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring ; | In cheerful sounds all voices raise, |
| In songs of praise divinely sing ; | And fill the world with loudest praise |

A R M Y H Y M N.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

- 1 O Lord of Hosts! Almighty King!
Behold the sacrifice we bring!
To every arm Thy strength impart,
Thy spirit shed through every heart!
- 2 Wake in our breasts the living fires,
The holy faith that warmed our sires;
Thy hand hath made our Nation free;
To die for her is serving Thee.
- 3 Be Thou a pillared flame to show
The midnight snare, the silent foe;
And when the battle thunders loud,
Still guide us in its moving cloud.
- 4 God of all Nations! Sovereign Lord!
In thy dread name we draw the sword,
We lift the starry flag on high,
That fills with light our stormy sky.
- 5 From treason's rent, from murder's stain,
Guard Thou its folds till Peace shall reign—
Till fort and field, till shore and sea
Join our loud anthem, PRAISE TO THEE!

THE SOLDIER'S COMPANION.

Imploping the constant Presence of God.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,—
An awful guide in smoke and flame.

By day, along the astonished lands,
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

Thus present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous
day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray.

And, oh! when gathers on our path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.

Battle Hymn.

BY REV. W. M. FERNALD.

WHEN Israel's foes, a numerous host,
Through years of conflict pressed their
cause,
God's powerful arm was all her boast:
Confederate rebels owned his laws.

'Twas his right arm, his spirit's aim,
That guided youthful David's hand;
And, lo, to Joshua's vision came
The sword-armed angel in command.

Almighty God, who seekest life,
Not death, amid these dread alarms,
Prepare us for this mortal strife;
Lead thou the van; direct our arms.

Thine is the battle, mighty Lord;
The skill, the wisdom, all are thine:
The fire that lit the sacred Word
Shall flash from out our battle line.

So shall our serried ranks move on
With unseen armies from above,
And so shall victory be won
Through deeds of death to deeds of love.

The Patient waiting upon God.

BY DR. DODDRIDGE.

WAIT on the Lord, ye heirs of hope,
And let his word support your souls:
Well can he bear your courage up,
And all your foes and fears control.

He waits his own well-chosen hour
The intended mercy to display;
And his paternal pities move,
While wisdom dictates the delay.

Blest are the humble souls that wait
With sweet submission to his will:
Harmonious all their passions move,
And in the midst of storms are still,—

Still, till their Father's well-known voice
Wakens their silence into songs;
Then earth grows vocal with his praise
And heaven the grateful shout prolong

A Prayer for the Times.

GOD of our fathers, 'tis thy hand
Hath turned the tide of death away;
That rolled in madness o'er the land,
And filled thy people with dismay.

Thy voice awaked us from our dream;
Thy spirit taught our hearts to feel:
'Twas thy own light whose radiant beam
Came down our duty to reveal.

Almighty Parent, still in thee
Our spirits trust for strength divine:
Gird us with heaven's own energy,
And o'er our paths let wisdom shine.

The work of man's destruction stay;
The tide of fire still backward press;
Drive each delusive mist away,
And every humble effort bless.

GIARDINI.

1. Come, thou Al - mighty King, Help us thy Name to sing,
 Help us to praise: Father all - glo - rious, O'er all vic -
 to - rious, Come, and reign o - ver us, Ancient of days.

Invocation of praise.

2 O God, our Lord, arise,
 Scatter our enemies,
 And make them fall;
 Let thine all gracious aid
 Our sure defence be made;
 Our souls on thee be stayed;
 Lord, hear our call.

3 Come, thou, O Sovereign Lord,
 Gird on thy mighty sword,
 Our prayer attend;
 Come, and thy people bless,
 And give thy word success:
 Spirit of holiness,
 On us descend.

4 Come, holy Comforter,
 Thy sacred witness bear
 In this glad hour:
 Thou who Almighty art,
 Now rule in every heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of power.

5 Thus, Father, unto Thee,
 Eternal praises be
 Hence, evermore.
 Thy sovereign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore.

THE SOLDIER'S COMPANION.

Let Freedom's Banner wave.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

TUNE, "*America.*"

HERE, where our fathers came
Bearing the holy flame
To light our days;
Here, where with faith and prayer
They reared these walls in air,—
Now to the heavens so fair
Their flag we raise.

Look ye, where free it waves
Over their hallowed graves,
Blessing their sleep!
Now pledge your heart and hand,
Sons of a noble land,
Bound this bright flag to stand,
Till death to keep.

God of our fathers, now
To thee we raise our vow;
Judge and defend;
Let Freedom's banner wave
Till there be not a slave:
Show thyself strong to save
Unto the end.

Praise to the God of Harvest.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart, and voice.
The valleys smile and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

Yea, bless his holy name,
And purest thanks proclaim,
Through all the earth.
To glory in your lot
Is duty; but be not
God's benefits forgot
Amidst your mirth.

The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts, and voices raise
With sweet accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest-song
Bless ye the Lord.

Praise in the Courts of the Lord

PRAISE ye Jehovah's name;
Praise through his courts proclaim
Rise and adore:
High o'er the heavens above
Sound his great acts of love,
While his rich grace we prove,
Vast as his power.

Now let the trumpet raise
Triumphant sounds of praise,
Wide as his fame;
There let the harp be found;
Organs, with solemn sound,
Roll your deep notes around,
Filled with his name.

While his high praise ye sing,
Shake every sounding string:
Sweet the accord!
He vital breath bestows:
Let every breath that flows
His noblest fame disclose.
Praise ye the Lord.

"Doubt Not."

THE laws of Christian light,—
These are our weapons bright,
Our mighty shield.
Christ is our leader high;
And the broad plains which lie
Beneath the blessed sky,
Our battle-field.

On, then, in God's great name!
Let each pure spirit's flame
Burn bright and clear.
Stand firmly in your lot;
Cry ye aloud, "Doubt not!"
Be every fear forgot:
Christ leads us here

So shall earth's distant lands
In happy, holy bands —
One brotherhood —
Together rise and sing,
And joyful offerings bring,
And heaven's Eternal King
Pronounce it good.

AULD LANG SYNE. C. M.

1. When I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies, I'll bid farewell to

2. Let cares like a wild deluge come, And storms of sorrow fall, So I but safely

every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes. Should earth against my soul engage, And

reach my home, My God, my heaven, my all. Since I must fight if I would reign, In -

fiery darts be hurled, Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frowning world.

crease my courage, Lord; I'll bear the toll, endure the pain, Supported by thy word.

The Heavenly Canaan.

1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood
And view the landscape o'er, [flood,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

A Psalm of Freedom.

BY REV. EDMUND H. SEARS.

STILL wave our streamer's glorious folds
O'er all the brave and true,
Tho' ten dim stars have turned to blood
On yonder field of blue.

It is our Nation's judgment-day
That makes her stars to fall;
And all the dead start from their graves
At Freedom's trumpet-call.

Lo! on the thunders of the storm
She rides, — an angel strong;
"Now my swift day of reckoning comes;
Now ends the slaver's wrong.

"Lift up your heads, ye faithful ones;
For now your prayers prevail:
Ye faithless, hear the tramp of Doom,
And dread the iron hail!

"God's last Messiah comes apace
In FREEDOM'S awful name:
He parts the tribes to right and left, —
To glory or to shame."

Then wave the streamer's gallant folds
O'er all the brave and true,
Till all the stars shine out again
On yonder field of blue.

Song of the Stars and Stripes.

BY REV. E. H. SEARS.

WE see the gallant streamer yet
Float from the bastioned wall.
One hearty song for fatherland:
That banner shall not fall.
Last on our gaze, when outward bound
We plough the ocean's foam;
First on our longing eyes again
To waft our welcome home.

Beneath thy shade we've toiled in peace;
The golden corn we reap;
We've taken home our bonny brides;
We've rocked our babes to sleep;
We marched to front the battle-storms
That brought the invaders nigh,
When the grim lion cowered and sank
Beneath the eagle's eye.

Beneath the stars and stripes we'll keep,
Come years of weal or woe:
Close up, close up the broken line,
And strike the traitors low!

Ho, brothers of the "Border States"!
We reach across the line,
And pledge our faith and honor now
As once in Auld Lang Syne.

We'll keep the memories bright and green
Of all our old renown;
We'll strike the traitor hand that's raised
To pluck the eagle down:
Still shall it guard your Southern home
From all the foes that come.
We'll move with you to harp and fife
Or march to fife and drum.

Or if ye turn from us in scorn,
Still shall our nation's sign
Roll out again its streaming stars
On all the border line;
And, with the same old rallying-cry,
Beneath its folds we'll meet,
And they shall be our conquering sign
Or be our winding-sheet!

Weep o'er the Heroes as they fall.

BY CHARLES WILLIAM BUTLER.

WEEP o'er the heroes as they fall
In conflict for the Right;
And vow to Heaven our lives, our all,
Shall give our country might.
We will not let our banner fair
Be trailed by foes in dust;
But it shall be our dearest care, —
The nation's hope and trust.

Weep o'er the heroes as they fall,
Who die in glory's prime;
Who give their nation's earnest call
A life and death sublime.
We call them dead; and yet their heart
Throb on in Memory's shrine:
For them the patriot's noblest part
In Freedom's cause divine.

Weep o'er the heroes as they fall, —
O'er every soldier's tomb;
And by their dark, funereal pall,
Bid patriot life-buds bloom.
Write there anew man's love to man;
Smite there Oppression's rod;
And bid the traitor's eye to scan
The nation's trust in God.

BOSTON, MASS.

THEY ARE MARCHING ON.Words by ALICE CARY.
Tenor.

Music arranged by J. W. DADNEY.

1 They are mustering—they are marching! How their onward tramping rolls!

Treble.

They are coming, coming, coming! A hundred thousand souls!

FULL CHORUS.

Now, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! Now, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

Now, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! And we are marching on.

They are Marching On.

(Continued from opposite page.)

From the granite hills, the seaside,
In solid ranks like walls, —
A hundred men to take the place
Of every man that falls.

Right on across the midnight, —
Right onward, stern and proud;
Their red flags shining as they come,
Like morning on a cloud.

Battalion on battalion,
The West its bravery pours;
For the colors God's own hand has set,
In the bushes at their doors!

In the woods and in the clearings,
The lovers, brothers, sons,
The young men and the old men,
Are shouldering their guns.

They have heard the bugle blowing, —
Heard the thunder of the drum;
And, farther than the eye can see,
They come, and come, and come!

ALICE CARY.

Marching On.

I'm a soldier of the army,
I'm a soldier of the army,
I'm a soldier of the army,
And we'll conquer every foe.

CHORUS.

Glory, Halle, Hallelujah!
Glory, Halle, Hallelujah!
Glory, Halle, Hallelujah!
And we are marching on.

We've a glorious Commander,
We've a glorious Commander,
We've a glorious Commander,
And we'll lay the rebels low.

He has never lost a battle,
He has never lost a battle,
He has never lost a battle:
Brave comrades, on we go.

Onward, onward then to glory!
Onward, onward then to glory!
Onward, onward then to glory!
We'll make the traitors bow.

The Massachusetts Line.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEW PRIEST."

AIR, "Yankee Doodle."

STILL first, as long and long ago,
Let Massachusetts muster:
Give her the post right next the foe;
Be sure that you may trust her.
She was the first to give her blood
For freedom and for honor;
She trod her soil to crimson mud:
God's blessing be upon her!

She never faltered for the Right,
Nor ever will hereafter:
Fling up her name with all your might;
Shake roof-tree and shake rafter.
But of old deeds she need not brag,
How she broke sword and fetter:
Fling out again the old striped flag!
She'll do yet more and better.

In peace her sails fleck all the seas,
Her mills shake every river;
And where are scenes so fair as these
God and her true hands give her?
Her claim in war who seek to rob;
All others come in later:
Hers first it is to front the mob,
The tyrant, and the traitor.

God bless, God bless the glorious State!
Let her have way to battle!
She'll go where batteries crash with fate,
Or where thick rifles rattle.
Give her the Right, and let her try;
And then who can may press her:
She'll go straight on, or she will die.
God bless her, and God bless her!

DUNSMURGH, May 7, 1861.

HAIL COLUMBIA.

SEMI-CHORUS. *Maestoso.*

Arr. by A. CULL.

1. Hail, Co-lum-bia, hap-py land! Hail, ye heroes, heav'n-born band,
 2. Immortal patriots, rise once more, Defend your rights, defend your shore!

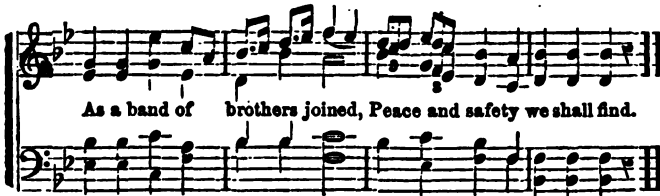
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
 Let no rude foe with im-pious hand, Let no rude foe with impious hand,

And when the storm of war was gone, Enjoyed the peace your valor won, Let
 Invade the shrine where sacred lies, Of toll and blood the well-earn'd prize, While

p In - de-pend-ence be our boast. *f* Ev - er mind-ful what it cost,
 offering peace sin-cere and just, In Heav'n we place a manly trust,

p Ev - er grate-ful for the prize, Let its al-tar reach the skies.
 That truth and justice will pre - vail, And every scheme of bondage fall.

FULL CHORUS.



3 Sound, sound the tramp of Fame;
Let WASHINGTON's great name
4 Ring thro' the world with loud applause!
Let every clime to freedom dear
Listen with a joyful ear.
With equal skill, with godlike power,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war, or guides with ease
The happier times of honest peace.
Firm, united, &c.

4 Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands,
5 The rock on which the storm will beat:—
But armed in virtue firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on Heaven and you.
When hope was sinking in dismay,
When gloom obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or LIBERTY.
Firm, united, &c.

Liberty and Union.

BY MRS. J. M. HANAFORD.

1 Hail the Union! let it stand,
Pride of patriots o'er our land;
And let not treason sever now
The sacred bands our fathers joined,
When all the States like tendrils twined
Around the banner of the free,

Shouting "Union!" "Liberty!"
Side by side, like brothers, found
Battling for the hallowed ground.

CHORUS.

Still let "Union!" be our cry;
"Union!" let each State reply—
Liberty and Union twined,
Will be joy and strength combined.

2 From the North, where icy chains
Bind the streams while Winter reigns,
Where patriot blood was freely shed,
Oh! let the fervent prayer ascend,
That Liberty and Union blend
O'er all the land our fathers won,
When Concord plains and Lexington
Rang with shouts of victory,
Prophet-anthems of the free.
Still let "Union!" &c.

3 Where e'en winter airs are balm,
Thro' the South, where waves the palm,
From whence came hearts to freedom true,
To battle for that liberty
So dear to souls by God made free—
Whence came th' immortal Washington,
Wearing the crown his valor won—
Let the Union shout resound,
Drowning treason's discord sound.
Still let "Union!" &c.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.



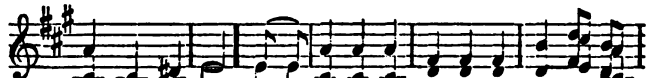
1. O.... say, can you see by the dawn's early light, What so
Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight, O'er the



proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming; }
ramparts we watched were so gallant - ly streaming; } And the



rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our



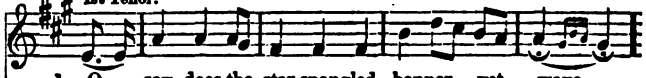
flag was still there. Oh say, does that star-spangled banner yet



wave, O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

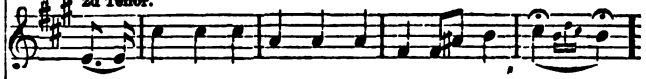
FULL CHORUS.

1st Tenor.



1. O say, does the star-spangled banner yet wave,

2d Tenor.



1st Bass.



2. 'Tis the star-spangled banner, O long may it wave,

2d Bass.





- 2 On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses;
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines in the stream.
'Tis the star-spangled banner; O, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.
- 3 And where is that band, who so vauntingly swore,
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more—
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge can save the hireling and slave,
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.
- 4 O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust—"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

ADDITIONAL VERSE, BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

When our land is illumined with Liberty's smile,
If a foe from within strike a blow at her glory,
Down, down with the traitor that dares to defile
The flag of her stars and the page of her glory!
By the millions unchained who our birthright have gained,
We will keep her bright blazon forever unstained!
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
While the land of the free is the home of the brave.

1. Soldiers of the cross, arise! Lo! your Leader from the skies,

This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, 6/8 time, with lyrics '1. Soldiers of the cross, arise! Lo! your Leader from the skies,'. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment.

Wares before you glory's prize, The prize of vic-tory!

This system contains two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, 4/4 time, with lyrics 'Wares before you glory's prize, The prize of vic-tory!'. The bottom staff is piano accompaniment.

Seize your armor, gird it on! Now the battle will be won!

This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, 4/4 time, with lyrics 'Seize your armor, gird it on! Now the battle will be won!'. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment.

See! the strife will soon be done; Then struggle manful-ly.

This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, 4/4 time, with lyrics 'See! the strife will soon be done; Then struggle manful-ly.'. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment.

Soldiers of the Cross, arise!

(Continued from opposite page.)

Fear not, onward, noble band,
 Marching through a hostile land:
 Guided by a mighty hand,
 Ye shall win the day.
 Faithful to your banner be,
 Ever fighting manfully:
 Laurels shall be won by thee,
 Fading not away.

The Union.

BY THE LATE REV. SAMUEL CHILMAN, D.D.,
 OF CHARLESTON, S.C.

WHO would sever Freedom's shrine?
 Who would draw the hateful line?
 Though by birth one spot be mine,
 Dear is all the rest.

Dear to me the South's fair land;
 Dear the Central mountain-land;
 Dear New-England's rocky strand;
 Dear the prairied West.

By our altars, pure and free;
 By our laws' deep-rooted tree;
 By the Past's dread memory;
 By our Washington;

By our common kindred tongue,
 By our hopes, — bright, buoyant, young;
 By the tie of country strong, —
 We will still be one!

Fathers! — have ye bled in vain?
 Ages! — must ye droop again?
 Maker! — shall we rashly stain
 Blessings sent by thee?

No! Receive our solemn vow,
 While before thy throne we bow,
 Ever to maintain, as now,
 "Union, Liberty!"

Thy Country calls thee.

ROUSE ye at your country's call!
 Patriots, rouse ye one and all!
 Will you see your country fall
 Into anarchy?

See! our Spangled Banner waves
 High above our fathers' graves:
 Will their sons be coward slaves,
 Unworthy to be free?

See Rebellion lift its head
 Where the patriot's blood was shed;
 Where repose the illustrious dead, —
 The sires of Liberty!
 Freemen! will ye cringe and cower
 Now in this decisive hour?
 Will ye fear Rebellion's power?
 Will ye bow the knee?

"No!" I hear it thundered forth
 From the true and loyal North.
 Duty calls each man of worth
 To uphold our laws.
 Up! and arm you for the fight;
 Battle for your country's right;
 Put the traitor foe to flight:
 God will speed his cause.

Wives and mothers, do your part;
 Let no gathering tear-drop start:
 Though it rend the bursting heart,
 Speed them on their way.
 Friends of Freedom, swell the song;
 Be your chorus loud and long;
 Make the Union army strong,
 And on to victory.

They are Slaves who fear to Speak.

MEN! whose boast it is that ye
 Come of fathers brave and free,
 If there breathe on earth a slave,
 Are ye truly brave?
 If ye do not feel the chain
 When it works a brother's pain,
 Are ye not base slaves indeed,
 Unworthy to be freed?

They are slaves who fear to speak
 For the fallen and the weak;
 They are slaves who will not choose
 Scoffing and abuse,
 Rather than in silence shrink
 From the truth they needs must think;
 They are slaves who dare not be
 Right with two or three.

Tho' troubles assail, and dangers affright, Tho' friends should all fall and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide, The promise assures us, the Lord will provide.

The Lord will provide.

- 2 The birds, without barn or storehouse are fed ;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread :
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written,—The Lord will provide.
- 3 No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim :
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus's Name ;
In this our strong tower for safety we hide ;
The Lord is our power,—The Lord will provide.
- 4 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through ;
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting—The Lord will provide.

Thanksgiving and Praise.

BY PARK.

My soul, praise the Lord, speak good of his name,
His mercies record, his bounties proclaim :
To God, their Creator, let all creatures raise
The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise.

Though, hid from man's sight, God sits on his throne,
Yet here by his works their Author is known :
The world shines, a mirror, its Maker to show ;
And heaven views its image reflected below.

Thanksgiving and Praise.

(Continued from opposite page.)

By knowledge supreme, by wisdom divine,
God governs this earth with gracious design:
O'er beast, bird, and insect his providence reigns;
Whose will first created, whose love still sustains.

And man, his last work, with reason endued;
Who, falling through sin, by grace is renewed,—
To God, his Creator, let man ever raise
The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise.

God Glorious.

BY GRANT.

Oh! worship the King all-glorious above,
And gratefully sing his wonderful love,—
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

Oh! tell of his might, and sing of his grace;
Whose robe is the light; whose canopy, space:
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

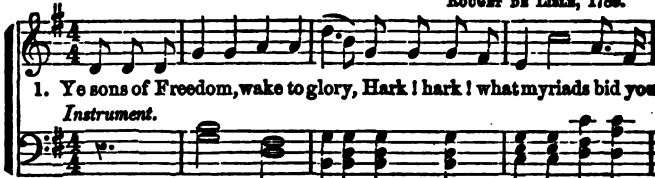
Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail:
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Preserver, and Friend!

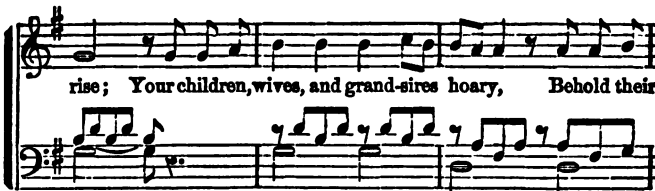
Father Almighty, how faithful thy love!
While angels delight to hymn thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall hush to thy praise.

MARSEILLES HYMN.

BOULET DE LAURE, 1793.



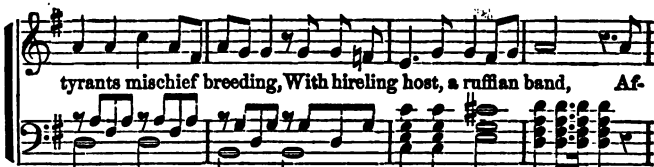
1. Ye sons of Freedom, wake to glory, Hark ! hark ! what myriads bid you
Instrument.



rise ; Your children, wives, and grand-sires hoary, Behold their



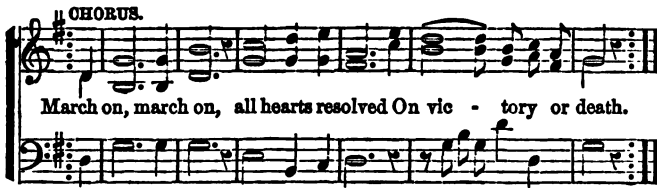
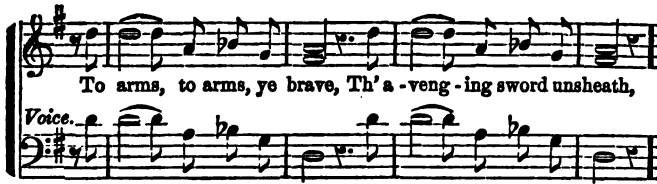
tears, and hear their cries ! Behold their tears, and hear their cries, Shall hateful



tyrants mischief breeding, With hireling host, a ruffian band, Af-



fright and desolate the land, While peace and liberty lie bleeding ;



2 Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous men confederate raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities blaze;
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood its hands embruing.
To arms! &c.

3 With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile, insatiate despots dare,
(Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,)
To mete and vend the light and air.
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods would bid their slaves adore,
But man is man, and who is more!
Then shall they longer lash and goad us!
To arms! &c.

4 O, Liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts or bars confine thee?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms! &c.

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1st Tenor.

1. Je-hovah! by thy cov-e-nant With all thy people made,
2d Tenor.

2. Ere entering on the bat-tle-field, In struggle stern, of life,
1st Bass.

3. O, strengthen thou our purpo-sea To struggle and to be;
2d Bass.

We come to ask thee that our hearts Upon thy truth be stayed.

We ask thee, for thy glo-ry's sake, Be with us in the strife.

May all our thoughts, and words, and works, Be sacred still to thee.

4.
Give us the force to will, to work,
No suffering to shun;
And by our efforts, Lord of Hosts,
O, let thy will be done.

5.
When in the dark and lonely night
We watch the coming day,
Be thou our buttress and defence,
Our refuge and our stay.

6.
O, help us to be vigilant,
Lest foes should enter in;

And teach our eyes to apprehend
The first approach of sin.

7.
Defend us in the battle hour,
And make our weapons strong
Against thy foes, thy kingdom's foes,
Oppression, sin, and wrong.

8. [hearts,
Hold up our hands, confirm our
Show all our duties clear;
Permit not any single heart
Either to sleep or fear.

The Invalid's Prayer.

THOUGH, faint and sick, and worn away
 With suffering and woe,
 My weary feet are doomed to stray
 'Mid thorny paths below, —

Be thou, O Lord! my Father still,
 My confidence and guide:
 I know that perfect is thy will,
 Whate'er that will decide.

I know, the soul that trusts in thee,
 Thou never wilt forsake;
 And, though a thrond reed I be,
 That reed thou wilt not break.

Then keep me, Lord, where'er I go;
 Support me on my way;
 Though, worn with suffering and woe,
 My weary footsteps stray.

To give my weakness strength, O God!
 Thy love shall yet avail;
 And, though thou chasten with thy rod,
 That love shall never fail.

Good Lord, remember me.

BY HUMPHRIES.

O THOU from whom all goodness flows!
 I lift my soul to thee:
 In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
 Good Lord, remember me!

When on my aching, burdened heart
 My sins lie heavily,
 Thy pardon grant, new peace impart;
 Good Lord, remember me!

When trials sore obstruct my way,
 And ills I cannot flee,
 Oh! let my strength be as my day;
 Good Lord, remember me!

When in the solemn hour of death
 I wait thy just decree,
 Be this the prayer of my last breath, —
 Good Lord, remember me!

The Mysteries of God's Providence.

BY COWPER.

GOD moves in a mysterious way.
 His wonders to perform:
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up his vast designs,
 And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and will break
 In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace:
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour:
 The bud may have a bitter taste;
 But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain:
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

For Guidance and Protection.

GOD of our fathers, by whose hand
 Thy people still are blest,
 Be with us through our pilgrimage;
 Conduct us to our rest.

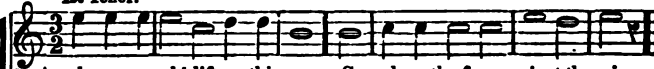
Through each perplexing path of life
 Our wandering footsteps guide:
 Give us each day our daily bread,
 And raiment fit provide.

Oh! spread thy sheltering wings around,
 Till all our wanderings cease,
 And at our Father's loved abode
 Our souls arrive in peace.

To thee, our Father and our God,
 We our whole souls resign;
 And thankful own, that all we are
 And all we have is thine.

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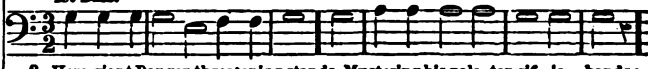
1st Tenor.



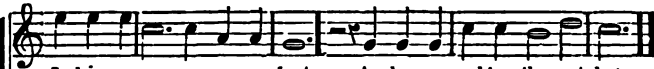
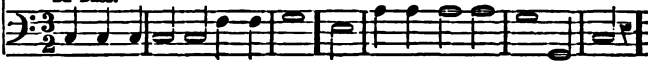
1. Awake, my soul ! lift up thine eyes, See where thy foes against thee rise,
2d Tenor.



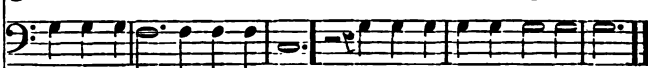
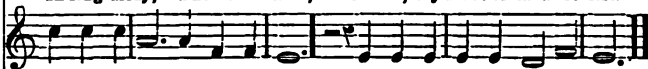
1st Bass.



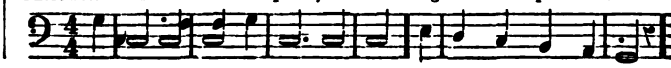
2. Here giant Danger threatening stands, Mustering his pale, ter-rif - ie bands;
2d Bass.



In long array, a numerous host; Awake, my soul ! or thou art lost.



There Pleasure's silken banners spread, And willing souls are captive led.

*The Christian Warfare.*

3.

See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.

4.

Thou treadst upon enchanted ground;
Perils and snares beset thee round;
Beware of all, guard every part,
But most, the traitor in thy heart.

6.

Come, then, my soul, now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield.
Put on the armor from above,
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.

The Lord's Prayer.

1.

Father, adored in worlds above !
Thy glorious name be hallowed still;
Thy kingdom come in truth and love;
And earth, like heaven, obey thy will.

2.

Lord, make our daily wants thy care;
Forgive the sins which we forsake;
In thy compassion let us share,
As fellow-men of ours partake.

3.

Evils beset us every hour;
Thy kind protection we implore;
Thine is the kingdom, thine the power,
The glory thine for evermore.

Trust and Submission.

BY NORTON.

My God, I thank thee: may no thought
 E'er deem thy chastisements severe!
 But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
 Calm each wild wish, each idle fear!

Thy mercy bids all nature bloom;
 The sun shines bright, and man is gay:
 Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
 That darkens o'er his little day.

Full many a throb of grief and pain
 Thy frail and erring child must know;
 But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
 Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

Thy various messengers employ;
 Thy purposes of love fulfil;
 And, 'mid the wreck of human joy,
 Let kneeling faith adore thy will.

God known through Love.

No human eyes Thy face may see;
 No human thought thy form may know:
 But all creation dwells in thee,
 And thy great life through all doth
 flow.

And yet—oh strange and wondrous
 thought!—

Thou art a God who hearest prayer;
 And every heart, with sorrow fraught,
 To seek thy present aid may dare.

And thine unceasing love gave birth
 To our dear Lord, thy holy Son;
 Who left a perfect proof on earth,
 That duty, love, and truth are one.

So, though we faint on Life's dark hill,
 And thought grow weak, and know-
 ledge flee,

Yet faith shall teach us courage still,
 And love shall guide us on to thee.

Omniscience and Omnipresence of God.

BY WATTS.

LORD, thou hast searched and seen me
 through:
 Thine eye commands, with piercing
 view,
 My rising and my resting hours,
 My heart and flesh, with all their
 powers.

My thoughts, before they are my own,
 Are to my God distinctly known:
 He knows the words I mean to speak,
 Ere from my opening lips they break.

Within thy circling power I stand;
 On every side I find thy hand:
 Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
 I am surrounded still with God.

Oh, may these thoughts possess my
 breast,
 Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
 Nor let my weaker passions dare
 Consent to sin; for God is there.

Faith in God's Love.

BY GASKELL.

O FATHER! humbly we repose
 Our souls on thee, who dwell'st above;
 And bless thee for the peace which
 flows
 From faith in thine encircling love.

Though every earthly trust may break,
 Infinite might belongs to thee;
 Though every earthly friend forsake,
 Unchangeable thou still wilt be.

Though griefs may gather darkly round,
 They cannot veil us from thy sight:
 Though vain all human aid be found,
 Thou every grief canst turn to light.

All things thy wise designs fulfil,
 In earth beneath, and heaven above;
 And good breaks out from every ill,
 Through faith in thine encircling love.

1st Tenor.

2nd Tenor.

1st Bass.

2d Bass.

1. Give to the winds thy fears! Hope and be un-dis-mayed!

2. Thro' waves, thro' clouds and storms, He gen - tly clears thy way;

3. He eve-ry-where hath rule, And all things serve His might;

God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears; God shall lift up thy head.

Wait thou His time, so shall the night Soon end in joy-ous day.

His eve-ry act pure blessing is, His path, un-sul - lied light.

Be of good Courage.

4
Thou comprehend'st Him not;
Yet earth and heaven tell,
God sits as sovereign on the throne;
He ruleth all things well.

5
Thou seest our weakness. Lord,
Our hearts are known to Thee;
O, lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!

6
Let us, in life or death,
Boldly Thy truth declare;
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

All work Divine.

1
Teach me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee!

2
To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to Thee I tend;
In all I do be Thou the way;
In all be Thou the end.

3
All may of Thee partake;
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for Thy sake
Greatness and worth from Thee.

God our constant Benefactor.

BY STEELE.

My Maker and my King,
To thee my all I owe:
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
Whence all my blessings flow.

Thou ever good and kind,
A thousand reasons move,
thousand obligations bind,
My heart to grateful love.

The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live:
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than tongue can give.

Oh! let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine:
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

*Watchfulness and Prayer
inculcated.*

BY HEATH.

My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise:
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

Oh! watch and fight and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er:
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

God will provide.

BY DODDRIDGE.

How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, leave your burdens to the Lord
And trust his constant care.

His bounty will provide;
Ye shall securely dwell:
The hand that bears creation up
Shall guard his children well.

Oh! why should anxious thought
Press down your weary mind?
Come, seek your heavenly Father's face
And peace and gladness find.

His goodness stands for all,
Unchanged from day to day:
We'll drop our burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

God our Father.

BY STEELE.

My Father! — cheering name! —
Oh! may I call thee mine?
Give me the humble hope to claim
A portion so divine.

This can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly:
What real harm can reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?

Whate'er thy will denies
I calmly would resign;
For thou art just and good and wise:
Oh! bend my will to thine.

Whate'er thy will ordains,
Oh! give me strength to bear:
Still let me know a Father reigns,
And trust a Father's care.

Thy ways are little known
To my weak, erring sight;
Yet shall my soul, believing, own
That all thy ways are right.

My Father! — blissful name!
Above expression dear! —
If thou accept my humble claim,
I bid adieu to fear.

GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.

Poetry by W. E. HICKSON. Music, German.

mp

1. Now to heaven our prayer ascend - ing, God speed the right;
2. Be that prayer a - gain re - peat - ed, God speed the right;

In a no - ble cause con - tending, God speed the right.
Ne'er des - pair-ing, though de - feat - ed, God speed the right.

mf
Be our zeal in heaven re - cord - ed, With success on
Like the great and good in sto - ry, If we fail, we

earth re - ward - ed, God speed the right, God speed the right.
fail with glo - ry; God speed the right, God speed the right.

3
Patient, firm, and persevering,
God speed the right;
Ne'er th' event nor danger fearing,
God speed the right.
Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
And in heaven's good time
succeeding,
God speed the right.

4
Still our onward course pursuing,
God speed the right;
Every foe at length subduing;
God speed the right.
Truth our cause, whate'er delay it,
There's no power on earth can stay it,
God speed the right.

SELECTIONS FROM THE SCRIPTURES.

I.—*The Good are Blessed: not so are the Wicked.*

PSALM i.

- 1 BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly,
Nor standeth in the way of sinners,
Nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.
- 2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord;
And in his law doth he meditate day and night.
- 3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water,
That bringeth forth his fruit in his season:
His leaf also shall not wither;
And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.
- 4 The ungodly are not so,
But are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.
- 5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment,
Nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.
- 6 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous;
But the way of the ungodly shall perish.

PSALM xxxiv. 12-22.

- 12 WHAT man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days,
That he may see good?
- 13 Keep thy tongue from evil,
And thy lips from speaking guile.
- 14 Depart from evil, and do good;
Seek peace, and pursue it.
- 15 The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous,
And his ears are open unto their cry.
- 16 The face of the Lord is against them that do evil,
To cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.
- 17 The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth,
And delivereth them out of all their troubles.

- 18 The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart,
And saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.
- 19 Many are the afflictions of the righteous;
But the Lord delivereth him out of them all.
- 20 He keepeth all his bones:
Not one of them is broken.
- 21 Evil shall slay the wicked;
And they that hate the righteous shall be desolate.
- 22 The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants;
And none of them that trust in him shall be desolate.

MATT. v. 3-12.

- 3 BLESSED are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of
4 Heaven. Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be com-
5 forted. Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth.
6 Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteous-
7 ness; for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful; for
8 they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart;
9 for they shall see God. Blessed are the peace-makers; for
10 they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they
which are persecuted for righteousness' sake; for theirs is the
11 kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye when men shall revile
you and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against
12 you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad; for
great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the
prophets which were before you.

II.—*Those who turn from Holiness are condemned.*

EZEK. xviii. 24.

- 24 BUT when the righteous turneth away from his righteousness,
and committeth iniquity, and doeth according to all the abomi-
nations that the wicked man doeth, shall he live? All his
righteousness that he hath done shall not be mentioned: in his
trespass that he hath trespassed, and in his sin that he hath
sinned,—in them shall he die.

MATT. v. 13.

- 13 YE are the salt of the earth ; but, if the salt have lost his savor, wherewith shall it be salted ? It is thenceforth good for nothing but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men.

The Insincere, though praised of Men, are not accepted of God.

MATT. vi. 1-18.

- 1 TAKE heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them : otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven. Therefore, when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do, in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men.
- 3 Verily, I say unto you, They have their reward. But, when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth ; that thine alms may be in secret : and thy Father, which seeth in secret, himself shall reward thee openly.
- 5 And, when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are ; for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men.
- 6 Verily, I say unto you, They have their reward. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet ; and, when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret : and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly. But, when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do ; for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking.
- 8 Be not ye, therefore, like unto them ; for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him. After this manner, therefore, pray ye : Our Father which art in heaven,
- 10 Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors.
- 12 And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen. For, if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you ; but, if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.

- 16 Moreover, when ye fast, be not, as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance ; for they disfigure their faces, that they may appear unto men to fast. Verily, I say unto you, They have
 17 their reward. But thou, when thou fastest, anoint thine head,
 18 and wash thy face, that thou appear not unto men to fast, but unto thy Father, which is in secret ; and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly.

MATT. vii. 15-23.

- 15 BEWARE of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing ; but inwardly they are ravening wolves. Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs
 16 of thistles ? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit ;
 17 but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit ; neither can a corrupt tree bring forth
 18 good fruit. Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is
 19 hewn down, and cast into the fire. Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.
 20
 21 Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven ; but he that doeth the will of my
 22 Father which is in heaven. Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name ? and in thy
 23 name have cast out devils ? and in thy name done many wonderful works ? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you : depart from me, ye that work iniquity.

III. — *Those who turn from Wickedness are pardoned.*

EZEK, xviii. 21-23, 28, 31, 32.

- 21 BUT if the wicked will turn from all his sins that he hath committed, and keep all my statutes, and do that which is lawful
 22 and right, he shall surely live : he shall not die. All his transgressions that he hath committed, they shall not be mentioned unto him : in his righteousness that he hath done he
 23 shall live. Have I any pleasure at all that the wicked should die ? saith the Lord God ; and not that he should return from his ways, and live ?

- 28 Because he considereth and turneth away from all his transgressions that he hath committed, he shall surely live: he shall not die.
- 31 Cast away from you all your transgressions whereby ye have transgressed, and make you a new heart and a new spirit;
- 32 for why will ye die, O house of Israel? For I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord God: wherefore, turn yourselves, and live ye.

LUKE xv. 1-32.

- 1 THEN drew near unto him all the publicans and sinners for to hear him. And the Pharisees and scribes murmured, saying, This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them.
- 3 4 And he spake this parable unto them, saying, What man of you having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it? And, when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing. And, when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbors, saying unto them, Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost. I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety, and nine just persons which need no repentance.
- 8 Either what woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she find it? And, when she hath found it, she calleth her friends and her neighbors together, saying,
- 10 Rejoice with me; for I have found the piece which I had lost. Likewise, I say unto you, There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.
- 11 12 And he said, A certain man had two sons; and the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me: and he divided unto them his living. And, not many days after, the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living. And, when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he

15 began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to a
citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed
16 swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks
17 that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him. And,
when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of
my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with
18 hunger! I will arise, and go to my father, and will say unto
him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee,
19 and am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as
20 one of thy hired servants. And he arose, and came to his
father. But, when he was yet a great way off, his father saw
him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and
21 kissed him. And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned
against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to
22 be called thy son. But the father said to his servants, Bring
forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his
23 hand, and shoes on his feet: and bring hither the fatted calf,
24 and kill it; and let us eat and be merry. For this my son was
dead, and is alive again: he was lost, and is found. And they-
25 began to be merry. Now, his elder son was in the field;
and, as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music
26 and dancing. And he called one of the servants, and asked
27 what these things meant. And he said unto him, Thy brother
is come; and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he
28 hath received him safe and sound. And he was angry, and
would not go in: therefore came his father out, and entreated
29 him. And he, answering, said to his father, Lo, these many
years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy
commandment; and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I
30 might make merry with my friends: but as soon as this thy
son was come, which hath devoured thy living with harlots,
31 thou hast killed for him the fatted calf. And he said unto
him, Son, thou art ever with me; and all that I have is thine.
32 It was meet that we should make merry, and be glad: for this
thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is
found.

IV.—*Love God supremely.*

MATT. vi. 24.

- 24 NO man can serve two masters : for either he will hate the
one, and love the other ; or else he will hold to the one, and
depise the other. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.

MATT. xxii. 34–38.

- 34 BUT, when the Pharisees had heard that he had put the Sad-
ducees to silence, they were gathered together. Then one of
35 them, which was a lawyer, asked him a question, tempting him,
36 and saying, Master, which is the great commandment in the
37 law ? Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God
with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.
38 This is the first and great commandment.

LUKE xiv. 25–33.

- 25 AND there went great multitudes with him ; and he turned,
26 and said unto them, If any man come to me, and hate not
his father and mother and wife and children and brethren
and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my dis-
27 ciple. And whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after
28 me, cannot be my disciple. For which of you, intending to
build a tower, sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost,
29 whether he have sufficient to finish it ? Lest haply, after he
hath laid the foundation, and is not able to finish it, all that
30 behold it begin to mock him, saying, This man began to build,
31 and was not able to finish. Or what king, going to make war
against another king, sitteth not down first, and consulteth
whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh
32 against him with twenty thousand ? Or else, while the other
is yet a great way off, he sendeth an ambassage, and desireth
33 conditions of peace. So likewise, whosoever he be of you that
forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple.

V. — *If we love God, we shall love Man.*

1 JOHN iii. 10-18.

- 10 IN this the children of God are manifest, and the children of
the Devil: whosoever doeth not righteousness is not of God,
11 neither he that loveth not his brother. For this is the message
that ye heard from the beginning: That we should love one an-
12 other. Not as Cain, who was of that Wicked One, and slew his
brother. And wherefore slew he him? Because his own works
13 were evil, and his brother's righteous. Marvel not, my bre-
14 thren, if the world hate you. We know that we have passed
from death unto life, because we love the brethren. He that
15 loveth not his brother, abideth in death. Whosoever hateth
his brother is a murderer; and ye know that no murderer
16 hath eternal life abiding in him. Hereby perceive we the love
of God, because he laid down his life for us; and we ought to
17 lay down our lives for the brethren. But whoso hath this
world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth
up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love
18 of God in him? My little children, let us not love in word,
neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth.

1 JOHN iv. 20, 21.

- 20 IF a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a
liar; for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen,
21 how can he love God whom he hath not seen? And this com-
mandment have we from him: That he who loveth God, love
his brother also.

LUKE x. 25-37.

- 25 AND, behold, a certain lawyer stood up, and tempted him, say-
26 ing, Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life? He said
unto him, What is written in the law? — how readeast thou?
27 And he, answering, said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God
with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy
strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself.
28 And he said unto him, Thou hast answered right: this do, and

- 29 thou shalt live. But he, willing to justify himself, said unto
 30 Jesus, And who is my neighbor? And Jesus, answering, said,
 A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell
 among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wound-
 31 ed him, and departed, leaving him half dead. And by chance
 there came down a certain priest that way; and, when he saw
 32 him, he passed by on the other side. And likewise a Levite,
 when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and
 33 passed by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan, as
 he journeyed, came where he was; and, when he saw him,
 34 he had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound
 up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his
 own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.
 35 And on the morrow, when he departed, he took out two pence,
 and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of
 him; and, whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again
 36 I will repay thee. Which now of these three, thinkest thou,
 37 was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves? And he
 said, He that showed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto
 him, Go, and do thou likewise.

VI. — *Avoid Evil Companions.*

PROV. iv. 14-19.

- 14 ENTER not into the path of the wicked,
 And go not in the way of evil men.
 15 Avoid it, pass not by it;
 Turn from it, and pass away.
 16 For they sleep not, except they have done mischief;
 And their sleep is taken away, unless they cause some to fall.
 17 For they eat the bread of wickedness,
 And drink the wine of violence.
 18 But the path of the just is as the shining light,
 That shineth more and more unto the perfect day.
 19 The way of the wicked is as darkness:
 They know not at what they stumble.

PROV. vi. 16-19.

- 16 THESE six things doth the Lord hate;
Yea, seven are an abomination unto him:
- 17 A proud look, a lying tongue,
And hands that shed innocent blood;
- 18 An heart that deviseth wicked imaginations,
Feet that be swift in running to mischief,
- 19 A false witness that speaketh lies,
And him that soweth discord among brethren.

2 COR. vi. 14-18.

- 14 BE ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness?
- 15 and what communion hath light with darkness? And what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel? And what agreement hath the temple of God with idols? for ye are the temple of the living God: as God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people.
- 17 Wherefore, come ye out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty.

VIL. — *Reverence, Purity, and Temperance.*
Reverence. — EXOD. xx. 7.

- 7 THOU shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

MATT. v. 33-37.

- 33 AGAIN: ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths. But I say unto you, Swear not at all;

- 35 neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for
 it is his footstool; neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of
 36 the great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head; be-
 37 cause thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let
 your communication be Yea, yea; Nay, nay: for whatsoever is
 more than these cometh of evil.

Purity. — EXOD. xx. 14.

- 14 THOU shalt not commit adultery.

MATT. v. 27-30.

- 27 YE have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt
 28 not commit adultery; but I say unto you, that whosoever
 looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery
 29 with her already in his heart. And, if thy right eye offend
 thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee; for it is profitable
 for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that
 30 thy whole body should be cast into hell. And, if thy right
 hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee; for it is
 profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and
 not that thy whole body should be cast into hell.

Temperance. — PROV. xxiii. 20, 21, 29-32.

- 20 BE not among wine-bibbers;
 Among riotous eaters of flesh:
 21 For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty,
 And drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.
 29 Who hath woe? who hath sorrow?
 Who hath contentions? who hath babbling?
 Who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?
 30 They that tarry long at the wine;
 They that go to seek mixed wine.
 31 Look not thou upon the wine when it is red,
 When it giveth his color in the cup,
 When it moveth itself aright.
 32 At the last it biteth like a serpent,
 And stingeth like an adder.

VIII. — *Be True to the Government.*

ROM. xiii. 1-8.

- 1 LET every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of
- 2 God. Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God; and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation. For rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil. Wilt thou, then, not be afraid of the power? Do that which is good, and thou shalt have praise of the same;
- 4 for he is the minister of God to thee for good. But, if thou do that which is evil, be afraid; for he beareth not the sword in vain: for he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute
- 5 wrath upon him that doeth evil. Wherefore ye must needs be
- 6 subject, not only for wrath, but also for conscience' sake. For, for this cause pay ye tribute also; for they are God's ministers,
- 7 attending continually upon this very thing. Render therefore to all their dues; tribute to whom tribute is due, custom to whom custom, fear to whom fear, honor to whom honor. Owe no man any thing, but to love one another; for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law.

IX. — *God careth for you.* -

PSALM xxiii.

- 1 THE Lord is my shepherd:
I shall not want.
- 2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
- 3 He restoreth my soul;
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness, for his name's sake.
- 4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil:
For thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

- 5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine
enemies:
Thou anointest my head with oil;
My cup runneth over.
- 6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever. [life,

PSALM xci.

- 1 HE that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High
Shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.
- 2 I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress:
My God; in him will I trust.
- 3 Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler,
And from the noisome pestilence.
- 4 He shall cover thee with his feathers,
And under his wings shalt thou trust:
His truth shall be thy shield and buckler.
- 5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night,
Nor for the arrow that flieth by day;
- 6 Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness,
Nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.
- 7 A thousand shall fall at thy side,
And ten thousand at thy right hand;
But it shall not come nigh thee.
- 8 Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold
And see the reward of the wicked.
- 9 Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge,
Even the Most High, thy habitation,
- 10 There shall no evil befall thee,
Neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.
- 11 For he shall give his angels charge over thee,
To keep thee in all thy ways:
- 12 They shall bear thee up in their hands,
Lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.
- 13 Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder:
The young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.
- 14 Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver
him:
I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

- 15 He shall call upon me, and I will answer him :
I will be with him in trouble ;
I will deliver him and honor him.
- 16 With long life will I satisfy him,
And show him my salvation.

MATT. vi. 25-34.

- 25 THEREFORE I say unto you, Take no thought for your life,
what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink ; nor yet for your
body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat,
26 and the body than raiment ? Behold the fowls of the air : for
they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns ; yet
your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better
27 than they ? Which of you, by taking thought, can add one
cubit unto his stature ? And why take ye thought for raiment ?
28 Consider the lilies of the field how they grow ; they toil not,
29 neither do they spin : and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon
-in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.
- 30 Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-
day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much
31 more clothe you, O ye of little faith ? Therefore take no
thought, saying, What shall we eat ? or, What shall we drink ?
32 or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed ? (for after all these things
do the Gentiles seek :) for your heavenly Father knoweth that
33 ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom
of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be
34 added unto you. Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow ;
for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself.
Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

MATT. x. 28-31.

- 28 AND fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill
the soul ; but rather fear Him which is able to destroy both
29 soul and body in hell. Are not two sparrows sold for a far-
thing ? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without
30 your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all num-
bered. Fear ye not, therefore : ye are of more value than
31 many sparrows.

X. — *Our Final Home.*

JOHN xiv. 1-3.

- 1 LET not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God; believe
2 also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it
were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place
3 for you. And, if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come
again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye
may be also.

REV. vii. 9-17.

- 9 AFTER this I beheld, and lo a great multitude, which no man
could number, of all nations and kindreds and people and
tongues, stood before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed
10 with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a
loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the
11 throne, and unto the Lamb. And all the angels stood round
about the throne, and about the elders and the four beasts, and
12 fell before the throne on their faces, and worshipped God, say-
ing, Amen: Blessing and glory and wisdom and thanksgiving
and honor and power and might be unto our God for ever and
13 ever. Amen. And one of the elders answered, saying unto
me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and
14 whence came they? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest.
And he said to me, These are they which came out of great
tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white
15 in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the
throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple;
and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.
16 They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither
17 shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb
which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall
lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe
away all tears from their eyes.

XI. — *An Apostolic Exhortation.*

ROM. xii.

1 I BESEECH you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God,
that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable
2 unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not con-
formed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing
of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and ac-
3 ceptable, and perfect will of God. For I say, through the
grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to
think of himself more highly than he ought to think; but
to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man
4 the measure of faith. For as we have many members in one
5 body, and all members have not the same office; so we, being
many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of
6 another. Having, then, gifts differing according to the grace
that is given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy accord-
7 ing to the proportion of faith; or ministry, let us wait on our
8 ministering; or he that teacheth, on teaching; or he that ex-
horteth, on exhortation; he that giveth, let him do it with
simplicity; he that ruleth, with diligence; he that sheweth
9 mercy, with cheerfulness. Let love be without dissimulation.
10 Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good. Be
kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in
11 honor preferring one another; not slothful in business; fer-
vent in spirit; serving the Lord; rejoicing in hope; patient
12 in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer; distributing to
13 the necessity of saints; given to hospitality. Bless them
14 which persecute you; bless, and curse not. Rejoice with
15 them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep. Be of
the same mind one toward another. Mind not high things;
but condescend to men of low estate. Be not wise in your
17 own conceits. Recompense to no man evil for evil. Provide
18 things honest in the sight of all men. If it be possible, as
much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men. Dearly
19 beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto
wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith

THE SOLDIER'S COMPANION.

- 20 the Lord. Therefore, if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he
thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals
21 of fire on his head. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome
evil with good.

1 THESS. V. 11-28.

- 11 WHEREFORE, comfort yourselves together, and edify one an-
12 other, even as also ye do. And we beseech you, brethren, to
know them which labor among you, and are over you in the
13 Lord, and admonish you; and to esteem them very highly in
love for their work's sake. And be at peace among your-
14 selves. Now, we exhort you, brethren, warn them that are
unruly, comfort the feeble-minded, support the weak, be pa-
15 tient toward all men. See that none render evil for evil unto
16 any man; but ever follow that which is good, both among
17 yourselves and to all men. Rejoice evermore. Pray with-
18 out ceasing. In every thing give thanks; for this is the will of
19 God in Christ Jesus concerning you. Quench not the spirit.
20 Despise not prophesyings. Prove all things: hold fast that
21 which is good. Abstain from all appearance of evil. And
22 the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God
23 your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless
24 unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that
25 calleth you, who also will do it. Brethren, pray for us. Greet
26 all the brethren with an holy kiss. I charge you by the Lord,
27 that this epistle be read unto all the holy brethren. The
28 grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you. Amen.

"EXCEPT a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

"If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his."

"Not every one who saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of Heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven."

"My son, give me thine heart."

"He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love. He that loveth is born of God."

"He that endureth to the end shall be saved."

PSALM CIII.

- 1 Bless the Lord, O my soul!
And all that is within me, bless his holy name.
- 2 Bless the Lord, O my soul!
And forget not all his benefits;
- 3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities;
Who healeth all thy diseases;
- 4 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction;
Who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies;
- 5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things,
So that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.
- 6 The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment
For all that are oppressed.
- 7 He made known his ways unto Moses,
His acts unto the children of Israel.
- 8 The Lord is merciful and gracious,
Slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.
- 9 He will not always chide,
Neither will he keep his anger for ever.
- 10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins,
Nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.
- 11 For as the heaven is high above the earth,
So great is his mercy toward them that fear him.
- 12 As far as the east is from the west,
So far hath he removed our transgressions from us.
- 13 Like as a father pitieth his children,
So the Lord pitieth them that fear him.
- 14 For he knoweth our frame;
He remembereth that we are dust.
- 15 As for man, his days are as grass:
As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.
- 16 For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone;
And the place thereof shall know it no more.
- 17 But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting
upon them that fear him.
And his righteousness unto children's children;
- 18 To such as keep his covenant,
And to those that remember his commandments to do them.
- 19 The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens,
And his kingdom ruleth over all.
- 20 Bless the Lord, ye his angels,
That excel in strength, that do his commandments,
Hearkening unto the voice of his word.
- 21 Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts;
Ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.
- 22 Bless the Lord, all his works in all places of his dominion;
Bless the Lord, O my soul!

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